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JUNE 1978
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GIANT COLOR COMIX
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EYEPOPPING GENE DAY
SEXY GIRLS!
BOILING LOMAX
ALIENS!
MONSTERS!
AND MUCH MORE!!!
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Meat Loaf

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We've all heard there's a "Biker's Heaven" . . .But is there a "Biker's Hell?" If anybody has the answer it's got to be KISS! This set of four wild, giant full color wall posters (each more than six times larger than this page) will appeal to KISS devotees everywhere. Each member of the band is featured on individually customized Super-Cycles that almost rival the guys themselves in sheer color and outrageousness. The whole scene is vibrant with vivid reds, black, blue, white, yellow, green, etc. "Rock 'n Roll all night and party everyday!"

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Don Lomax once again comes up with an eye-popping opener for the book, replete with his exquisite renderings of the female form.

GASM 10

Funnyman and alcoholic Mark Wheatley completes his epic work with this final episode to his explosive, 400-segment thriller.

CITY SHIP 20

Here's Gene Day again with a lopsided monumental strip about a floating colony in outer space. This strip is filled with little aliens and creatures, the kind men like.

YOU MEET THE FACES THAT YOU MEET 38

This one's another classic by the ever-popular Richard Corben, where we learn that what meets the eye may not be what meets the brain. It's full of sure-fire laughs.

BONDLORD 51

Garry Winnick came through with this opus in record time, and it's chock-full of succulent females ala the planet Gor. This one's for all you fellas that flip through the book to check on the gurls before you buy it.

HEADS UP IN BUGTOWN 51

This is another strip I put in the book, based on the premise that if I don't really understand it, it must be good. Besides, it has a lot of severed heads and gory pictures in it, so it must be all right.

COVER: BY THE EVER-starving ned sonntag.

JEFFREY GOODMAN: EDITOR IN CHIEF

MYRON FASS
Publisher

IRVING FASS
Associate Publisher

is published by Stories, Layouts & Press, Inc., editorial offices at 257 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010. Submission of manuscripts, illustrations and/or photographs must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

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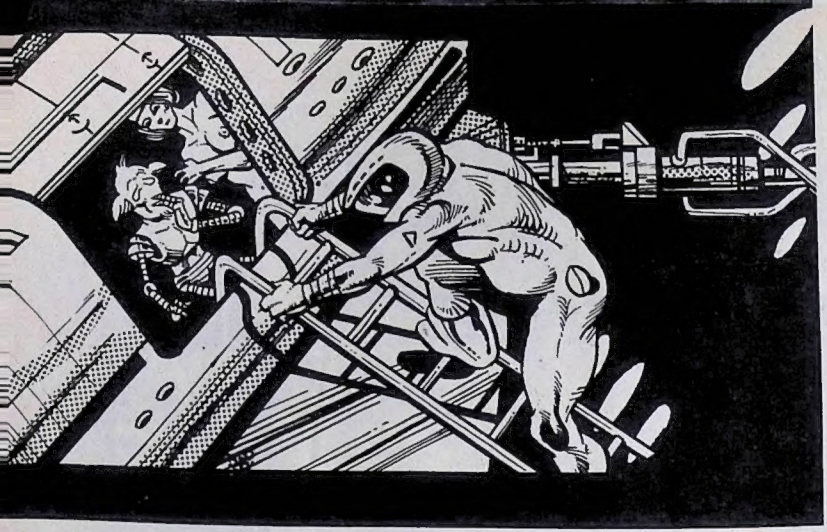
Individual copy price $1.50. Printed in U.S.A.



EDITORIAL

Hello there, readers:

Well, in the midst of chaos and mass confusion emerges the image of another **GASM**. At this very moment we are trying to find all the lost pieces of artwork that're scattered all over the office, and we're trying to clean up all the art that has been stepped on or ripped, with a gallon of 'Korrectype'.

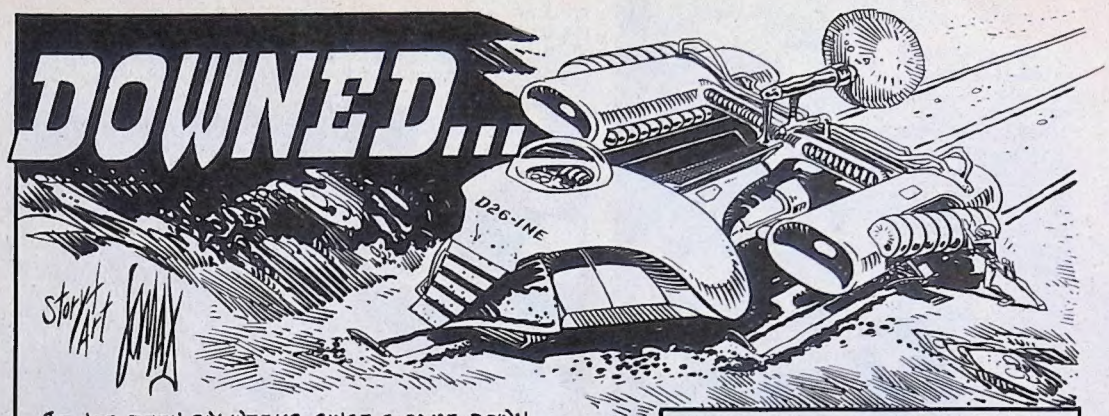
In case you contributors are under the delusion that when you send artwork to **GASM,** it reaches an orderly, businesslike office, you are sadly mistaken. Let me tell you that we are a staff of illiterates, incompetents and infants, and worse. We put out 50 other magazines besides **GASM** [no lie] for an immense magazine corporation, and there are only six or seven imbeciles here to do it. When you send your precious work to **GASM**, it is spindled, mutilated, stuffed into boxes or dirty corners, and generally destroyed. Even if we don't lose your artwork, your chances of getting paid for it are slim since we always lose all your bills. We have a girl working here who has her hair bleached white, and we spend all our time screaming and yelling or laughing out of sheer desperation.

Occasionally, we manage to toss an issue out on schedule and then immediately begin worrying about the next one.

So there you have the full inside story on what really happens in publishing, and if you still want to send us your pitiful examples of your creative lust, wrap it securely, send return postage and label every piece of art. We need new artists and fast, so good luck and so long while I attempt to locate a proofreader.

Us here at GASM are very gratified to find that we are getting very nice press and great letters. Keep those letters coming, and maybe we can find some of the ones we've lost and start a mail column next issue. There's nothing we like better than to get all sorts of mail and contributions from the public, so until then, see you all later and signing off.

DOWNED...

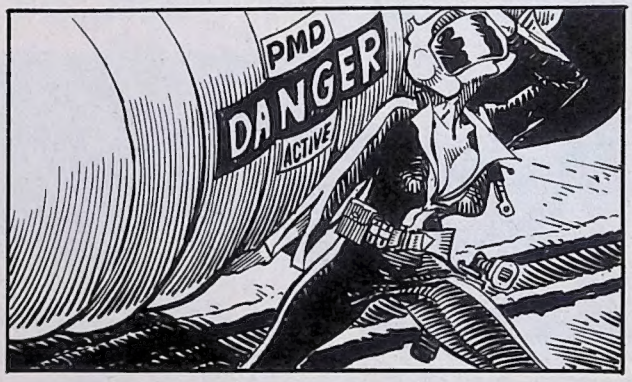


Story/Art Jomax

IT HAS BEEN SIX WEEKS SINCE I CAME DOWN ON THIS DISGUSTING SPECK OF SPACE DUST... TRY AS I WILL I CANNOT GET THE POD COUPLINGS TO LINE UP WITH THE MAIN ION PACK... EVEN THOUGH THE GRAVITY IS .27 IN RELATION TO TERRA I STILL FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BRING IT IN LINE... JUST TOO HEAVY... PERHAPS I CAN FASHION A BLOCK AND TACKLE...

THAT TEARS IT... I RECHECKED THE AIRLOCK... THE DAMN THING IS RUPTURED... NO WAY TO FIX THAT, NO WAY IN HELL! I'M ONLY FOOLING MYSELF... THIS PIECE OF SHIT WILL *NEVER* LIFT OFF AGAIN!

IT CAN'T BE JUST THE WEIGHT OF THE POD... MUST BE DOING SOMETHING WRONG... MAYBE THE SUPERSTRUCTURE IS SPRUNG!

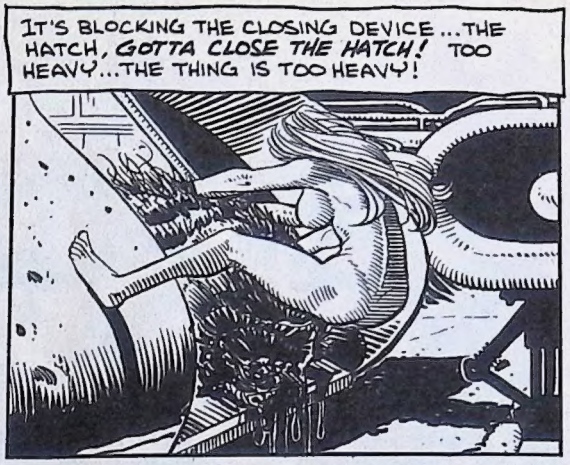


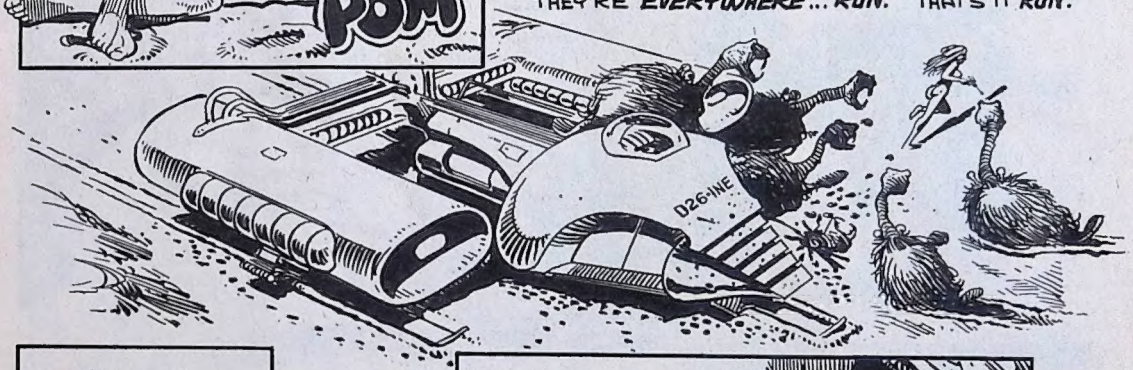
DUSK AGAIN... GOD I HATE THE NIGHT! *THEY* COME OUT AT NIGHT! GOTTA CHECK THE RESCUE BEACON THEN BUTTON UP FOR THE EVENING!

GUESS ALL I CAN DO IS TRY TO *STAY ALIVE* 'TIL HELP COMES... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I AM *NOT* THE MASTER OF MY OWN DESTINY... I FEEL AS HELPLESS AS A VIGOG IN ATMOSPHERE!

IT IS MOMENTS LIKE THESE WHEN I THINK OF EMIL AND THOSE WONDERFUL EVENINGS UNDER PHILOHAMMEL'S THREE COLORFUL MOONS... BY THE GODS HE KNEW HOW TO MAKE A WOMAN FEEL LIKE A WOMAN...
IT WAS AS THOUGH HE SENSED MY MOST INTIMATE NEEDS AND FILLED THEM... HIS POWERFUL MUSCLED LOVE FILLED ME AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL I OVERFLOWED WITH RAW ANIMAL LUST!
I FELT WITH HIM AS EVERY WOMAN SINCE EVE MUST HAVE DREAMED SHE WOULD FEEL IN THE STEELY ARMS OF THE IDEAL MAN!
DEAR GOD, IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!! I'M OUTSIDE!! THE DISGUSTING LITTLE MONSTERS HAVE TRICKED ME AGAIN! CLOUDED MY MIND WITH HALLUCINATIONS! USED MY WEAKNESSES AGAINST ME!
BASTARDS! GOTTA GET BACK INSIDE!
POW
FILTHY, SLIMY...
OH GOD! OH GOD!

CLACK
POM

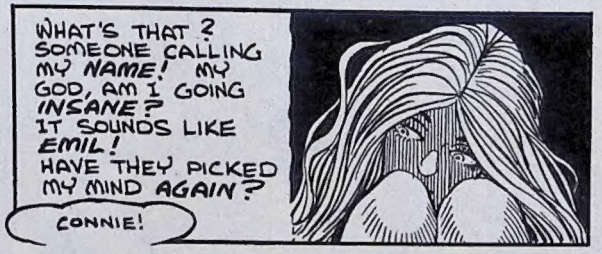

IT'S BLOCKING THE CLOSING DEVICE...THE HATCH, GOTTA CLOSE THE HATCH! TOO HEAVY...THE THING IS TOO HEAVY!


THEY'RE EVERYWHERE... RUN! THAT'S IT RUN!
D26-INE

THEY'RE SLOW... I HAVE THE ADVANTAGE, I'M MUCH FASTER!

RUN... RUN AND HIDE!

JUST A FEW MORE HOURS... SOON THEY'LL BE CRAWLING BACK INTO THEIR HOLES TO AVOID THE KILLER SUN!


WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE CALLING MY NAME! MY GOD, AM I GOING INSANE? IT SOUNDS LIKE EMIL! HAVE THEY PICKED MY MIND AGAIN?
CONNIE!

I WON'T BE FOOLED AGAIN! IT'S ANOTHER OF THEIR CUNNING TRICKS!
CONNIE, WHERE ARE YOU!?

BUT THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS THE BEACON *DID* REACH FLEET! MAYBE, OH GOD, IT'S TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR! IT WON'T HURT TO LOOK... I'LL BE CAREFUL!
OH SAINTED MOTHER! IT *IS* EMIL... SMILING THAT BEAUTIFUL SMILE... LYING THERE... *NAKED AND NEEDING ME!*
EMIL! OH EMIL... IT'S BEEN *SO LONG!*
GUNCH
PAIN! OH THE PAIN... THE SLASHING, *SEARING PAIN!* ANOTHER FOUL DISGUSTING *TRICK!*
BLOOD EVERYWHERE ...MY BLOOD! I FEEL MY BODY TEARING... FLESH BEING RIPPED FROM MY BODY!

STRENGTH... GOTTA FIND STRENGTH!
POW
THE THING IS DEAD ...BUT THEN SO AM I!
CONNIE!
CONNIE! MY GOD, LET ME HELP YOU!
DIE YOU CHICKEN-SHIT BASTARD!
POW
HOW DAMN STUPID DO THEY THINK I AM?
FINI

WHEN A GOD IS ILL; BY DISEASE OR MERELY FATIGUE - HIS DREAMS CAN MARCH WITH THE SUBSTANCE OF REALITY. MINE ARE NO EXCEPTION. THE WEARINESS OF A GOD'S IMPASSIONED SLEEP CAN SOMETIMES SHAPE MORE THAN THE WORLD OF A DREAM.
AND THE CONFUSION DOES NOT SIT EXCLUSIVELY WITH THOSE WITHIN THE DREAM. INDEED THE GOD CAN BE AS UNSURE OF REALITY AS THEY. TO A GOD A DREAM IS A VERY PERSONAL

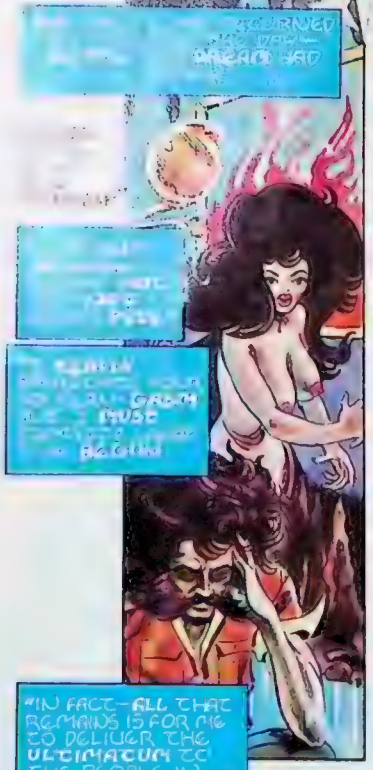
GASM
THE EXPLOSIVE COLOR COMPLECTED THE CONFUSION. THE IMAGE WAS OF PETER RIDE AND PAST DEATH IT SPOKE TO ME.
"KILLER! MURDERER OF A WORLD!"
"NO! I DENY IT! PETE— I'M DOING IT FOR YOU...."
"DO NOT DESTROY EDEN IN MY NAME, VIRGIL NORSE."
"FOR GASM---"
"NO!"
"FOR BERT---"
"NO! DO YOU FORGET THAT YOU ARE GOD HERE?"
"PETE—ARE YOU REAL—YOU FADE--"
"WHAT EVER YOU DO, VIRGIL NORSE, ALWAYS REMEMBER; YOU DO IT FOR YOU—AND YOU ALONE."
THERE WAS TRUTH IN MY DREAM.
THOUGH IT WAS AS WARPED AS THE HUMAN-LIKE VISION OF GASM.
SHE WALKED ACROSS MY SLEEPING MIND BRINGING BACK THE RECENT PAST.
©WHEATLEY '8

CHAPTER 5

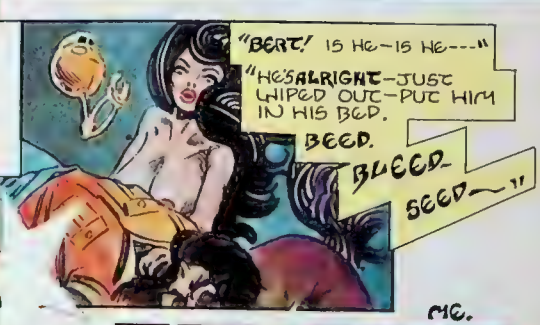
Mark Wheatley

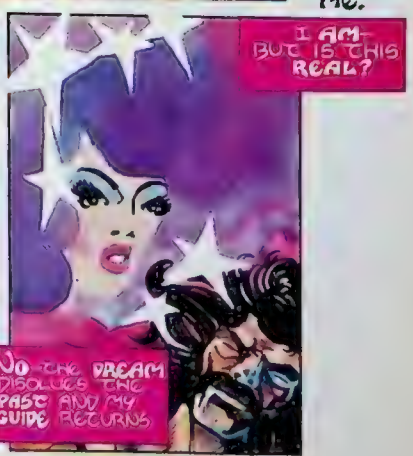
FOUR DAYS EARLIER WE HAD SEEN THE FIRST VOLCANO. IT WAS CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE FIRST HURRICANE.
IT'S WINDS AND RAINS TAGGED ALONG THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD IN BACK OF THE SIDE LAVA FLOWS. IT WAS A HOLOCAUST MANIFEST. EARTH'S CRUST OPENED IN FESTERING AGONY SPILLING FORTH ITS MOLTEN FLOOD AS FROM THE VEINS OF DEMONS TO DESTROY ALL IN ITS PATH.
THE WINDS QUARRELED AND FOUGHT FOR CONTROL OF FORCE AND DIRECTION. RIPPING TO AND FRO ACROSS THE PLAINS—JUMPING ABOUT ON THE JAGGED PEAKS: A BOILING SEA OF DISCONTENT.
THE WORLD SHIVERED IN FEAR—NEVER BEFORE HAD IT FELT SUCH TORMENT. ALWAYS HAD ITS CREATOR BEEN KIND, ALWAYS CAUSING IT TO GROW BUT NOW IT WAS BEING KILLED. DELIBERATELY; WITH PURPOSE.
THE INDUSTATIONS WERE BEING HERDED. ANTI-GRAVITY FORCE PROPELLED THE MECHANIZED RAPISTS ACROSS THE BELLY OF THE WORLD. FROM EVERY POINT ON THE GLOBE THEY WERE DRIVEN BY ELEMENTAL UP-HEAVAL TO A VAST, UNTOUCHED VALLEY.
A PLACE OF CALM IN THE EYE OF A WORLD-WIDE STORM.

THE FORCES OF THE PLANET AND ITS VERY CREATOR VERSUS THE COMBINED WILL OF A FINANCIAL CONGLOMERATE, EMPIRE POSSIBLY THE MOST POWERFUL AGENCY THE HUMAN RACE HAD EVER SUPPORTED.
IN SPACE—EXACTLY WHERE THE PLANET SHOULD BE—HUNG A VAST ARMADA AND IT IS TO THEIR COMMANDERS CREDIT THAT THEY TRUSTED THEIR COORDINATES BECAUSE ALL THEIR SENSES REVEALED ONLY DISTANT SPACE.
BY FORCE OF WILL I HAD SHIFTED THE ENTIRE GLOBE INTO THE ETERNAL NEXT MICRO-SECOND.


RETURNED TO MY DREAM HAD
MUST BEGIN
"IN FACT—ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO DELIVER THE ULTIMATUM TO THE PEOPLE IN THOSE STATIONS"

"YOU WHO WOULD TAKE MY PLANET—I OFFER YOU LIFE. BUT YOU MUST WARP OFF PLANET IMMEDIATELY OTHERWISE THE PLANET WILL CRUSH YOU ALL!"


"BERT! IS HE—IS HE—"
"HE'S ALRIGHT—JUST WIPED OUT—PUT HIM IN HIS BED.
BEED.
BLEED-
SEED—"


ME.
I AM—BUT IS THIS REAL?
No—THE DREAM DISOLVES THE PAST AND MY GUIDE RETURNS

I HEARD ... THE TIME I ... I COULD FIND ... TRAIL ... LED TO THE VOICE.
COLORS AWAIL REELING ME. THE WALL SPLIT ...
SHE WAS BESIDE ME THEN. WARM, SOFT-YIELDING. A SPRITE BORN OF THE IMAGINATION AND NEEDS OF A GOD? OR A DISGUISED DEMON FROM MY UNCONSCIOUS?
THE ORGASM FORM SEDUCED ME ON THE DEATH-WASHED SHORES AND UPON THRUST OF PASSION BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO BEING SEDUCED BY HER IMAGE OF MY WORLD AND DEEDS.

ORGASM EXPLODED WITH THE SIGHT OF FANCY UNTIL THE ABSURDITY BLENDED THE PICTURES TO ONE.

THEN I KNEW I WAS GUILTY OF THE CRIME I SOUGHT TO PUNISH.

TO PREVENT THE RAPE OF MY WORLD I, IN TURN, DESTROYED IT..

MY REVILATION MEANT MORE THAN A CHANGE OF OUTLOOK: THOUGH IT SHOOK MY VERY BEING. INDEED IT WAS MY SUDDEN SENSE OF GUILT THAT WAS MY UNDOING. MY CONCENTRATION AND RESOLVE BROKE AND MY POWER WAIVERED. THE RESULT WAS THE RETURN OF MY WORLD TO THE REAL TIME CONTINUUM, LEAVING IT WIDE TO ATTACK.

NORSE WAS DEAD WHEN I GOT TO HIS BEDSIDE. NO LIFE PULSED WITHIN HIS COOLING BREAST.

THE CERTAINTY OF THAT WAS ALMOST ENOUGH TO SCRAMBLE MY CERCUITS WHEN NORSE SAT UP.

"VIRGIL?..."

"THE WOLF AT THE DOOR—AND I LET HIM IN."

"WHAT?"

"I'VE LET THE ARMADA INTO THE ATMOSPHERE—SIR. NOW I'VE GOT TO GO FIX IT."

I WAS AT A LOSS FOR ACTION OR WORD. ALL OUR HOPES LAY DEAD.

IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT DEATH DIDN'T AGREE WITH NORSE. HE WAS REALLY WACKED OUT—YET HIS CONCERN FOR GASM SURFACED JUST BEFORE HE LEFT.

HE LOOKED AT GASM AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME AND ASKED "I COULD MAKE YOU HUMAN, LIKE MYSELF. WOULD YOU WANT THAT?"

"I--NO. WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO STEAL MY WAY OF LIFE FROM ME? I WOULD HAVE TO GROW FROM THE SOIL ALL OVER AGAIN. I AM HAPPY AS I AM."

AND THEN HE WAS GONE.

BUT HIS REALITY MIRRORS REVEALED HIM TO US AND WE WATCHED BRIEFLY BEFORE I SENT GASM TO ARM HER TRIBE. SHE WOULD HAVE TO CARRY THE FIGHT TO THE INDUSTRIATONS.

THE [illegible] BECAME [illegible] FIRE
[illegible] TURBULENT FIGHTING
[illegible] GASM'S [illegible] BLOODY
SKY [illegible]
WEAPONS [illegible] USE
MUST [illegible]

THEY GALLOPED DOWN THE HILLSIDE AND AS I FOLLOWED I TRIED TO CALL TO MIND THE WAY I HAD FIRST SEEN THIS PLANET. PETE KING HAD BEEN ALIVE THEN.

[illegible]
[illegible]
TO [illegible]

THERE WERE NO STORMS--AND RAIN ONLY CAME WHEN THE EARTH DESIRED WATER.

THE BATTLE AT HAND WAS A SICKENING CONFRONTATION. THE FORCES NEARLY EVENLY MATCHED.
I WAS SURPRISED BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN. MOST OF THE POPULATION OF THE STATIONS REMAINED INSIDE-COWERING IN FEAR.
ONLY THE BIRD-BRAINS- UNDER ORDERS- AND GROUNDED SPACERS- CAME OUT AND MET OUR ATTACK.
GASM FOUGHT WELL- FOLLOWING MY STRATEGY.
"SOME OF MY TRIBE HAVE CAPTURED ONE OF THE SPACERS"
"WHY IS THIS STATION DESERTED?"
"MUCH OF IT'S CREW DIED FROM PLAGUE. THOSE LEFT JOINED THE OTHER STATIONS."
IT WAS A BREAK WE DIDN'T DESERVE.
"A BOMB HAS BEEN PLACED WHICH WILL DESTROY ALL THE STATIONS."
YET- SHE ALSO BEGAN TO REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANT.
AFTER THE BOMB WAS SET WE RAN LIKE HELL
THE BATTLEFIELD WAS COVERED WITH THE DEAD. LIKE LIFE- WE FLED THE VALLEY.
GASM FOLLOWED MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER.

GASM AND I WERE SEVERAL MILES AWAY WHEN THE ANTI-MATTER CLOUD ROSE ABOVE THE VALLEY. THERE WAS LITTLE TIME TO ADMIRE ITS DESTRUCTIVE BEAUTY.
BEFORE THE HEAT BLAST COULD BURN US FROM THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN WE HAD CRAWLED INTO NORSE'S HOLE AND SLAMMED THE FORCE FIELD BEHIND US.
WITHOUT NORSE THE CAVES WERE LIT ONLY BY MY TIMID BLUE BLINKER. WE SOON BECAME QUITE LOST. FOR WEEKS WE WONDERED- HOPING NORSE WOULD RETURN FOR US. WE NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN IN THE DARKNESS AND, AT TIMES, WE WHELMED ANCIENT TOMES.
PERHAPS-CUGNT THE DEATH OF THE GOD
HE HAD LOST A LOT
YET-I WAS NOT SO PESSIMISTIC ONCE WE HAD GAINED SUNLIGHT AGAIN. THAT THE BIRD-BRAINS WERE ONCE AGAIN IN THE SKY AND THE WORLD FULL OF GROWING THINGS WAS EVIDENCE THAT NORSE HAD SURVIVED.
HOPEFULLY-THIS TIME-MANKIND-INCLUDING A CERTAIN GOD-WOULD LEAVE IT ALONE.
AND WHEN GASM THREW DOWN HER GUN I SAW EVIDENCE THAT PARADISE MIGHT ALSO SURVIVE.
·END·

OH WELL, BACK WORK!

© MARC HEMPEL 1978.

THE CITY PONDEROUSLY CROSSES THE COLD SEA OF SPACE...

CITY SHIP.

A "CONTAINER" THAT HOUSES A MULTITUDE OF RACES, EACH ALIEN TO ONE ANOTHER --

--YET EACH POSSESSING ONE SINGLE, MONUMENTAL PURPOSE...

A PURPOSE THAT EVEN NOW OCCUPIES THE THOUGHTS OF THE PRESENT CITY-CAPTAIN, YORG ZAN...

METEOR STORM, SIR ... SIR?

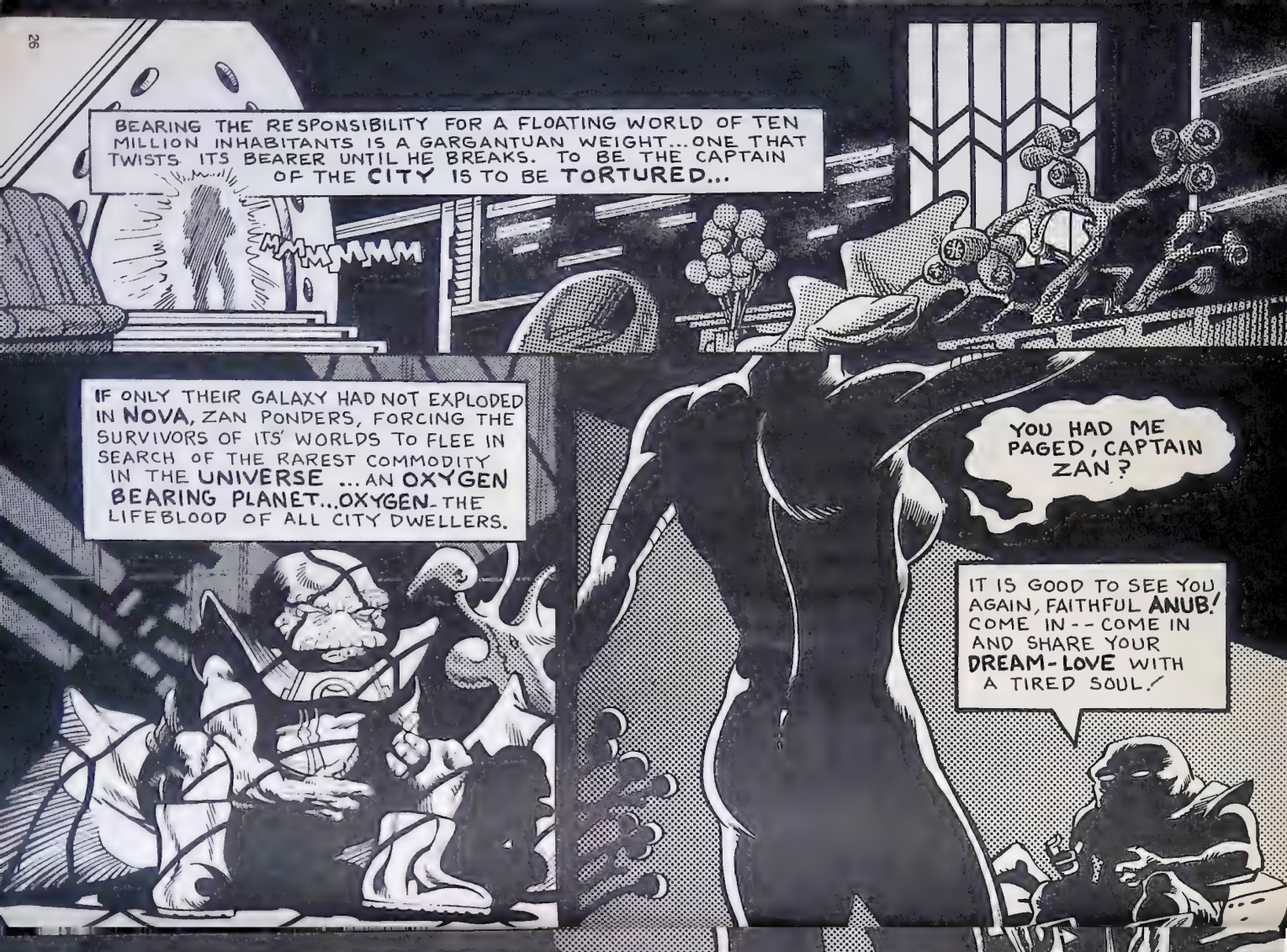
EH?

FORGIVE ME, NAVIGATOR--- CALL IN THE FLITTERS IMMEDIATELY!

Art and Story: GENE DAY

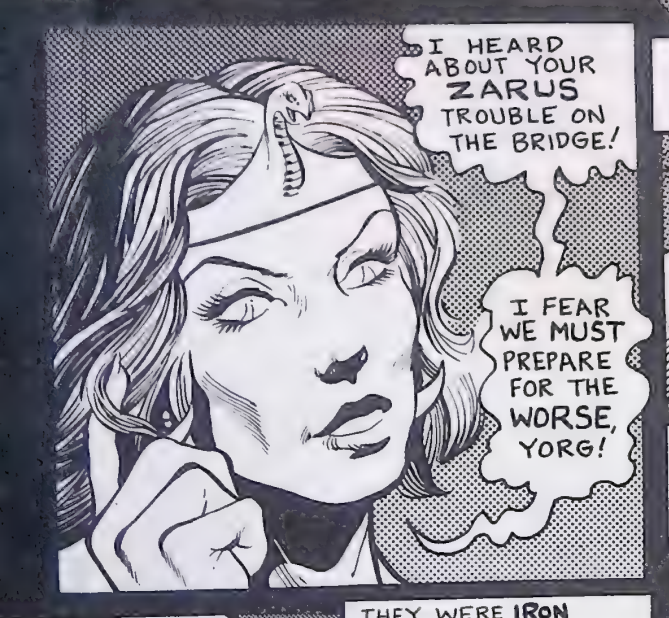
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, CAP-- BUT YOU'VE GOT SOME VISITORS TO THE BRIDGE! IT'S...
I'LL HAVE NO SUCH ANTICS IN THIS CENTRE, MEN OF ZARUS, WHILE I AM CAPTAIN HERE!
WE NEED NO INTRODUCTION, MAGGOT!
DO WE, CAPTAIN!
NOW, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE THIS TIME -- MORE COMPLAINTS?
WE CAME NOT TO JEST, CAPTAIN... BUT TO DEMAND ONCE MORE THAT YOU HAND OVER THE CONTROL OF CITY TO ITS TRULY RIGHTFUL LORDS... THE ZARUS!
ONLY WE CAN FULFILL THE TASK AHEAD! FOR ONLY WE ARE STRONG!
NOT WEAK LIKE YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS!
WHAT SAY YOU, INSECT?
I SAY HAUL YOUR ASS OFF MY BRIDGE, SNAKE-MAN, BEFORE I KICK IT OFF!
BEWARE, FROG-THING! IN PAST EONS OUR KIND WOULD HAVE SWALLOWED YOU TO MAKE A MEAL!
PERHAPS WE SHALL REINSTATE THAT QUAINT CUSTOM!

D-DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING THIS TIME, CAP?
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, QUEEBE--
THERE IS NO OUT-GUESSING OF THE ZARUS! WHAT BLACK THOUGHTS SWIRL AROUND IN THEIR COLD-CELLED BRAINS, ONE CAN ONLY WONDER!
BUT THE FACTS REMAIN-- SINCE OUR FOREFATHERS LEFT OUR DYING WORLD THE ZARUS HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO WREST CONTROL OF CITY!
AND THE CLOSER WE COME TO OUR DESTINATION-- THE STRONGER THEIR DESIRE TO RULE BECOMES! UNLIKE THE REST OF US THEY DO NOT WISH TO ASK FOR SANCTUARY---THEY WANT TO KILL THE INHABITANTS OF THE NEW WORLD AND TAKE ALL FOR THE PEOPLE OF CITY---
PREFERABLY, THEIR PEOPLE, I SUSPECT! BUT WHETHER OR NOT THEY WOULD RESORT TO MUTINY TO SEE THEIR AIMS THROUGH--I JUST DON'T KNOW, QUEEBE --I JUST DON'T KNOW!
TELEPORT LEVEL 66-5
BUT FOR NOW, TO HELL WITH THE ZARUS, QUEEBE!
IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY!
PAGE ANUB, OLD FRIEND... TELL HER TO COME TO MY CABIN...
...FOR THE TIME BEING WHAT I REQUIRE MOST IS...
...COMPANION-SHIP!
MMMMMMM

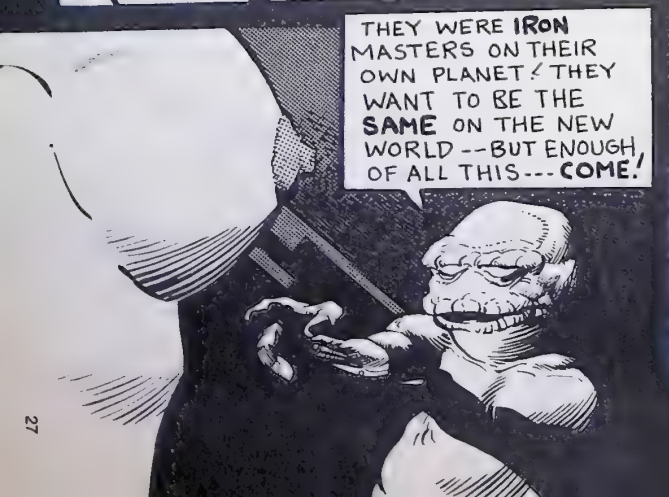

BEARING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR A FLOATING WORLD OF TEN MILLION INHABITANTS IS A GARGANTUAN WEIGHT... ONE THAT TWISTS ITS BEARER UNTIL HE BREAKS. TO BE THE CAPTAIN OF THE CITY IS TO BE TORTURED...
MMMMMMM

IF ONLY THEIR GALAXY HAD NOT EXPLODED IN NOVA, ZAN PONDERS, FORCING THE SURVIVORS OF ITS' WORLDS TO FLEE IN SEARCH OF THE RAREST COMMODITY IN THE UNIVERSE ... AN OXYGEN BEARING PLANET... OXYGEN- THE LIFEBLOOD OF ALL CITY DWELLERS.

YOU HAD ME PAGED, CAPTAIN ZAN?
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, FAITHFUL ANUB! COME IN -- COME IN AND SHARE YOUR DREAM-LOVE WITH A TIRED SOUL!



THE FELINE PEOPLE OF ISZUS ARE WELL KNOWN FOR THEIR MANY OUTSTANDING QUALITIES. THEIR WISDOM, BEAUTY AND INTELLIGENCE IS BEYOND COMPARE. BUT MOST OF ALL THEY ARE SOUGHT OUT FOR THEIR DREAM-LOVE!



DREAM-LOVE -- IN WHICH THEY AND THEIR LOVERS DEPART THE WORLDS OF PLACE AND TIME -- AND VENTURE TO THE MENTAL LANDS OF BOTH THE IMAGINATION AND THE PAST.

VISIONS OF THEIR DESTINATION FLOOD ZAN'S SENSES -- DREAMS OF HOW THE PLANET, EARTH BY NAME, HAD LOOKED 50 CENTURIES PAST WHEN ANUB AND HER KIND HAD ONCE VENTURED THERE IN DAZZLING LIGHT-SHIPS...

...TO BECOME GODS!

...AND YES...

MORE THAN GODS... LEGENDS...

DREAMS. DREAMS OF EARTH ...OF OXYGEN ...OF PEACE.

ANUB SMELLS AND TOUCHES THE EARTH ONCE MORE... SHE IS HAPPY THAT SOON SHE WILL SET FOOT THERE AND IT WILL BE MORE THAN MERE MEMORY.

C.J.?...

CAP...

CAP...

W-WHO?

HAUL ASS, CAP... WE'VE GOT BIG TROUBLE!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU BLEATING ABOUT, QUEEBE?

I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU, CAP...

THE ZARUS HAVE REVOLTED!

ZAK!

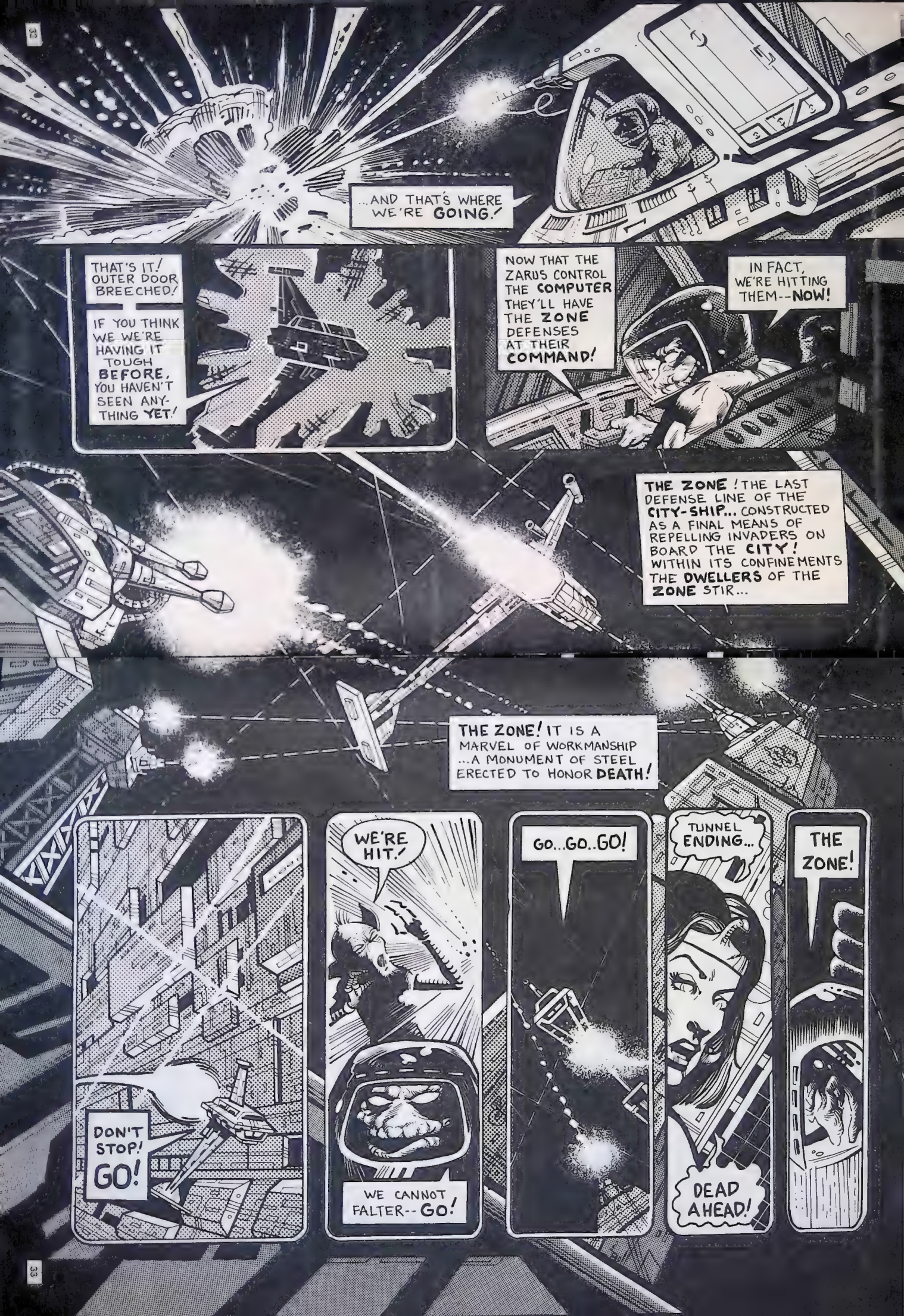
THAT MUCH I'VE FIGURED OUT!

HOW MUCH OF CITY HAVE THEY TAKEN OVER, QUEEBE?

HOW MUCH?!

ALL OF IT, CAP... ALL OF IT!

THEN THERE ISN'T ANY CHOICE! COME ON! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE... PRONTO!
HOW IN HELL..
DO I PLAN FOR US TO ESCAPE?
QUITE SIMPLE, ANUB.
KLIK
THE BUILDERS FORESAW SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS THIS!
...A PRIVATE HATCH TO THE HANGERS.
DAMN!
THE ZARUS KNEW ABOUT THIS ROUTE! THAT MEANS THEY'VE TIED INTO THE CITY CENTRAL-COMPUTER --THEY KNOW ABOUT THE ZONE!
ZONE?
GET THINGS POPPIN', QUEEBE WHILE I SUIT MYSELF UP.
'WAY AHEAD OF YOU, CAP!
WHAT'S WITH THIS 'ZONE' BUSINESS, CAP?
WE'RE NOT GOING FAR, QUEEBE!
NOT IF WE CAN DODGE THE LASER TRACKS LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THE ZONE...
ANOTHER FORESIGHT OF THE BUILDERS...
A CITY ENGINE HOLD?
...AND THERE IT IS!
IT'S AN INSTALL-ATION THAT ONLY THE CITY CAPTAINS KNEW ABOUT! WE'RE HEADED THERE!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU EXPECT TO GO IN THIS FLITTER, CAP, BUT WE DON'T CARRY ENOUGH FUEL TO GO FAR!
THAT'S WHAT YOU ALL THOUGHT, ANUB--BUT THERE ARE NO ENGINES IN THAT HOLD!
ONLY THE ZONE!


...AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!
THAT'S IT! OUTER DOOR BREECHED!
IF YOU THINK WE WE'RE HAVING IT TOUGH BEFORE, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY-THING YET!
NOW THAT THE ZARUS CONTROL THE COMPUTER THEY'LL HAVE THE ZONE DEFENSES AT THEIR COMMAND!
IN FACT, WE'RE HITTING THEM--NOW!
THE ZONE! THE LAST DEFENSE LINE OF THE CITY-SHIP... CONSTRUCTED AS A FINAL MEANS OF REPELLING INVADERS ON BOARD THE CITY! WITHIN ITS CONFINEMENTS THE DWELLERS OF THE ZONE STIR...
THE ZONE! IT IS A MARVEL OF WORKMANSHIP ...A MONUMENT OF STEEL ERECTED TO HONOR DEATH!
DON'T STOP! GO!
WE'RE HIT!
WE CANNOT FALTER--GO!
GO...GO..GO!
TUNNEL ENDING...
DEAD AHEAD!
THE ZONE!

WE SHOULD BE PAST THE LASER DEFENSES, BUT THERE'S NO TELLING FOR CERTAIN... BOTH OF YOU STAY ON BOARD WHILE I...
...CHECK...
...THIS...
...OUT....
THEY STAND IN SILENT WATCH-- THE DEFENDERS..WARRIORS OF GLEAMING METAL THAT WERE CREATED TO SWARM THROUGHOUT CITY TO ATTACK ENEMY LIFE-FORMS. THIS DAY THEY WILL FULFILL THEIR PURPOSE AND SERVE THEIR CAPTAIN WITH GORY DEDICATION!
ZAN HEADS FOR THE ELABORATE ZONE-COMPUTER-COMPLEX.!
THERE IT IS AGAIN, NAAMA... A POWER SURGE IN SECTION 30-227-C!
THE AREA THE CENTRAL-COMPUTER TOLD US ABOUT-- THE MYSTERIOUS ZONE! WHAT IS ZAN UP TO, NAAMA?
SIR! ANOTHER POWER SURGE...
...VERY NEAR US...
KLIK
NO REPLY IS POSSIBLE...FOR DEATH HAS ENTERED THE ROOM.
IT IS NOT A BATTLE THAT ENSUES...
IT IS A SLAUGHTER! CREATED TO BE THE ULTIMATE IN DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS, THE DEFENDERS DO NOT FALL SHORT OF THEIR INTENDED OBJECTIVE.

SECONDS LATER A FLEET OF TINY VESSELS ROAR AWAY FROM THE SHELTER OF **CITY** HANGERS...

...THE **LAST** OF THE **ZARUS** SURVIVORS RACING TO REACH THE PLANET EARTH WHICH HAS AT LAST COME WITHIN THEIR REACH...

IT'S ALL OVER, ANUB--QUEEBE!

THE **ZARUS** HAVE NOT ONLY LOST THE BATTLE ...BUT THE **WAR** AS WELL!

"I LEARNED A STARTLING DISCOVERY WHEN I WAS STUDYING THE ZONE COMPUTERS!"

"THE SENSORS THERE PICKED UP NEW EARTH DATA-- INFORMATION WE ALL WOULD HAVE SHARED IN **ANQUISH**..."

"HAD NOT THE ZARUS BEEN SO **INTENT** ON **RULING** THE NEW WORLD!"

"IT'S A **DEAD PLANET.** A BALL OF RADIO-ACTIVE, OXYGEN-LESS **SCRAP**... THE EARTHLINGS ADVANCED, I FEAR, FAR FASTER THAN WE WOULD HAVE DEEMED POSSIBLE... THEIR WEAPONS ADVANCING **FASTER** THAN THEIR **PATIENCE.** THEY HAVE **DESTROYED** THEIR PRECIOUS PLANET--**THEMSELVES**-- AND NOW THE **ZARUS AS WELL**...

WELCOME TO BROADWAY

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW, CAP, WITH EARTH **DEAD?**

WE CAN'T GO BACK! THERE'S **NOTHING** TO GO **BACK** TO!!

WE ACCOMPLISH THE **TASK** WE SET OUT TO DO, **QUEEBE!**

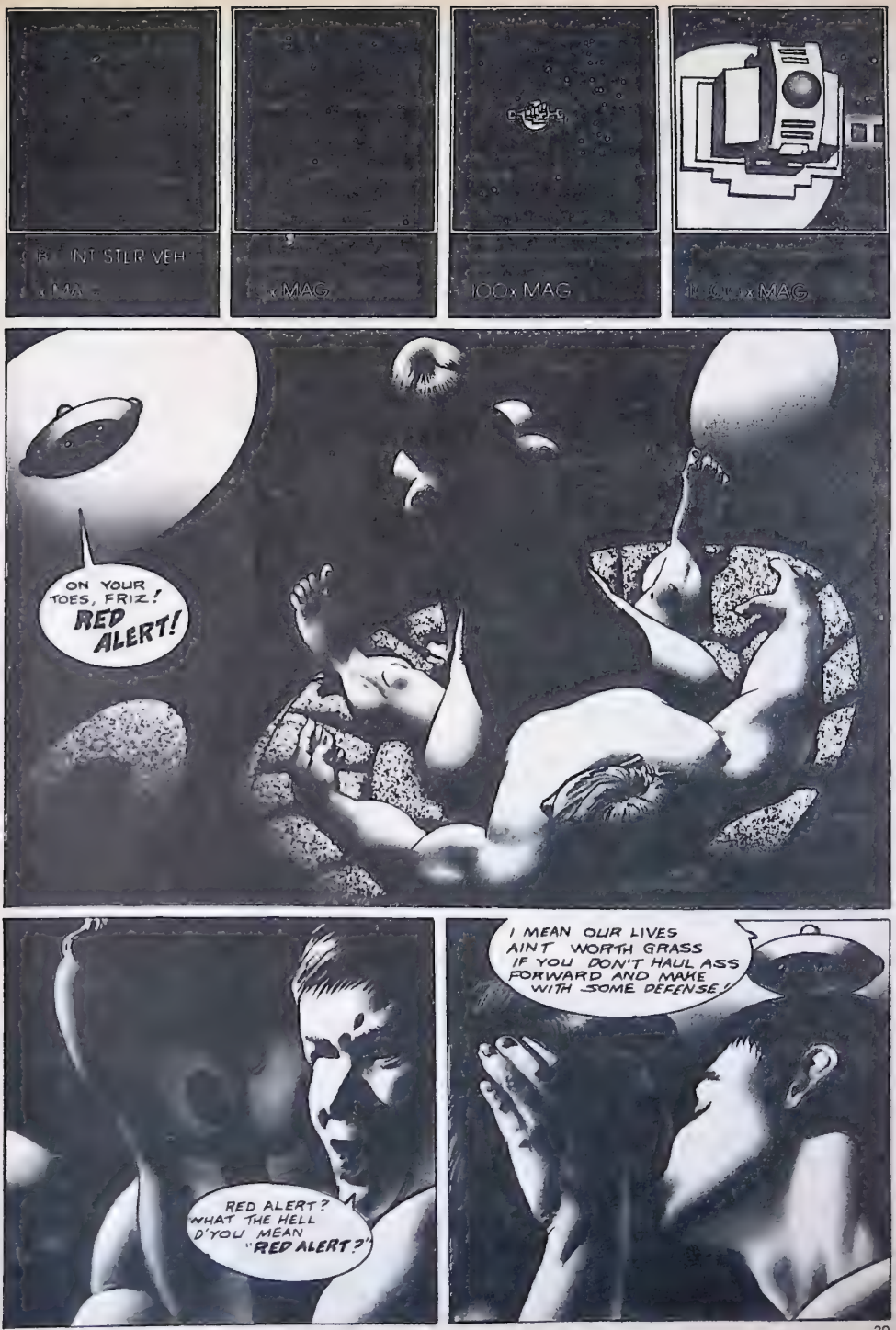
WE TIGHTEN OUR FAITH... AND PICK UP THE PIECES OF THIS **MESS!**

START CHARTING OUT **NEW WORLDS,** ANUB...

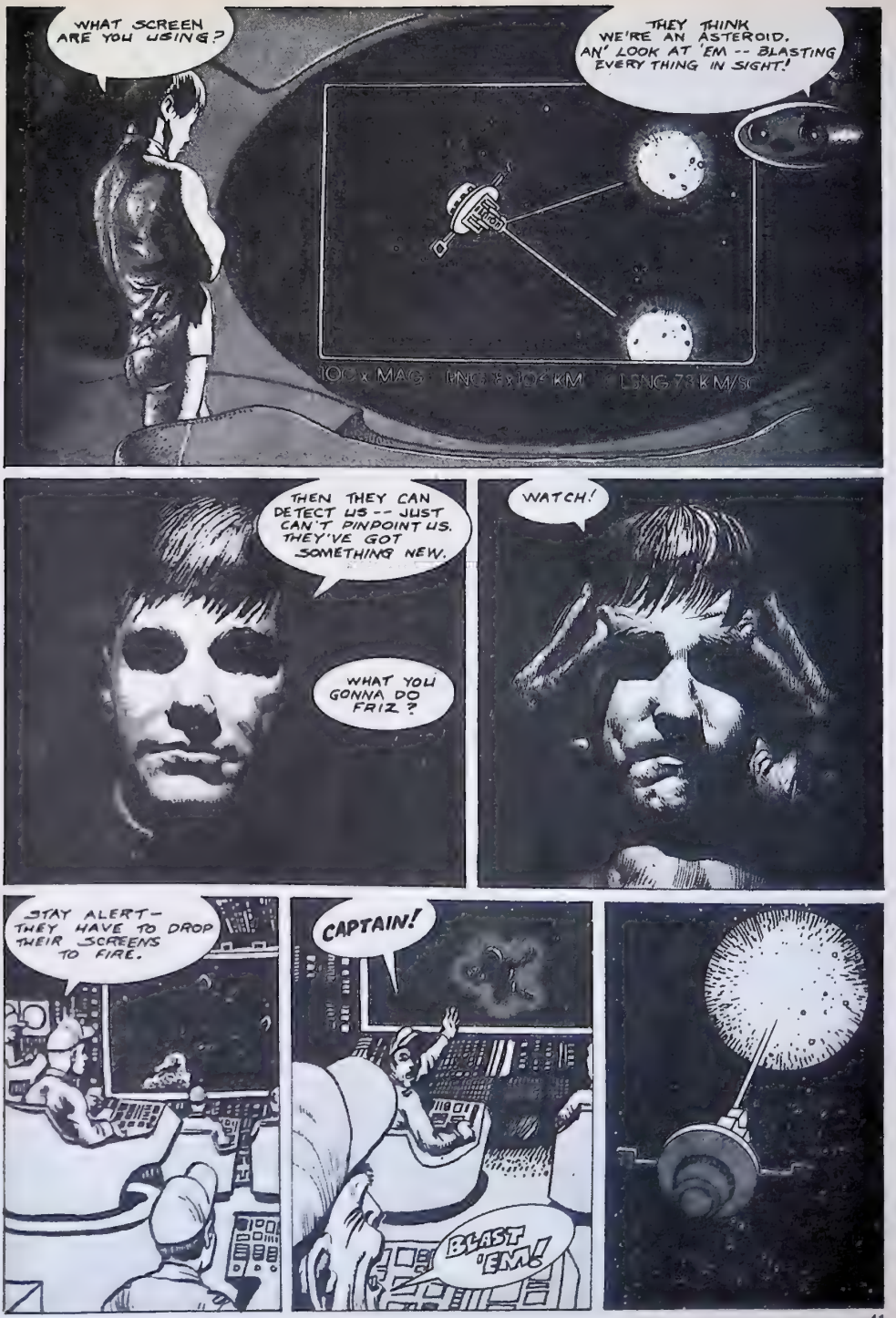
...UNTIL WE REACH **HOME!**

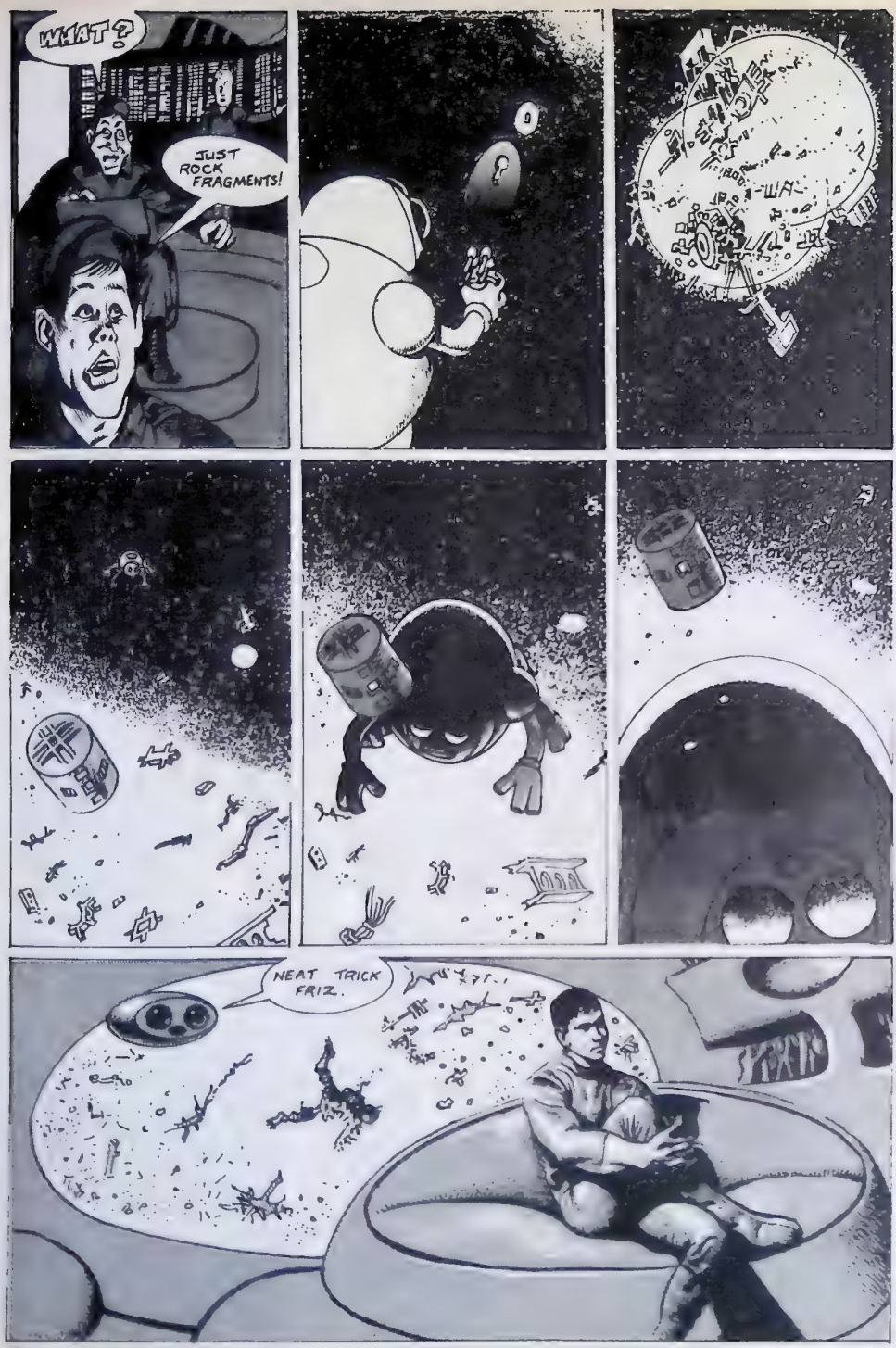
END

To
Meet
The
Faces
You
Meet
©1972
STRNAD
&
CORBEN


INT STLR VEH
x MAG
100x MAG
ON YOUR TOES, FRIZ! RED ALERT!
RED ALERT? WHAT THE HELL D'YOU MEAN "RED ALERT?"
I MEAN OUR LIVES AIN'T WORTH GRASS IF YOU DON'T HAUL ASS FORWARD AND MAKE WITH SOME DEFENSE!

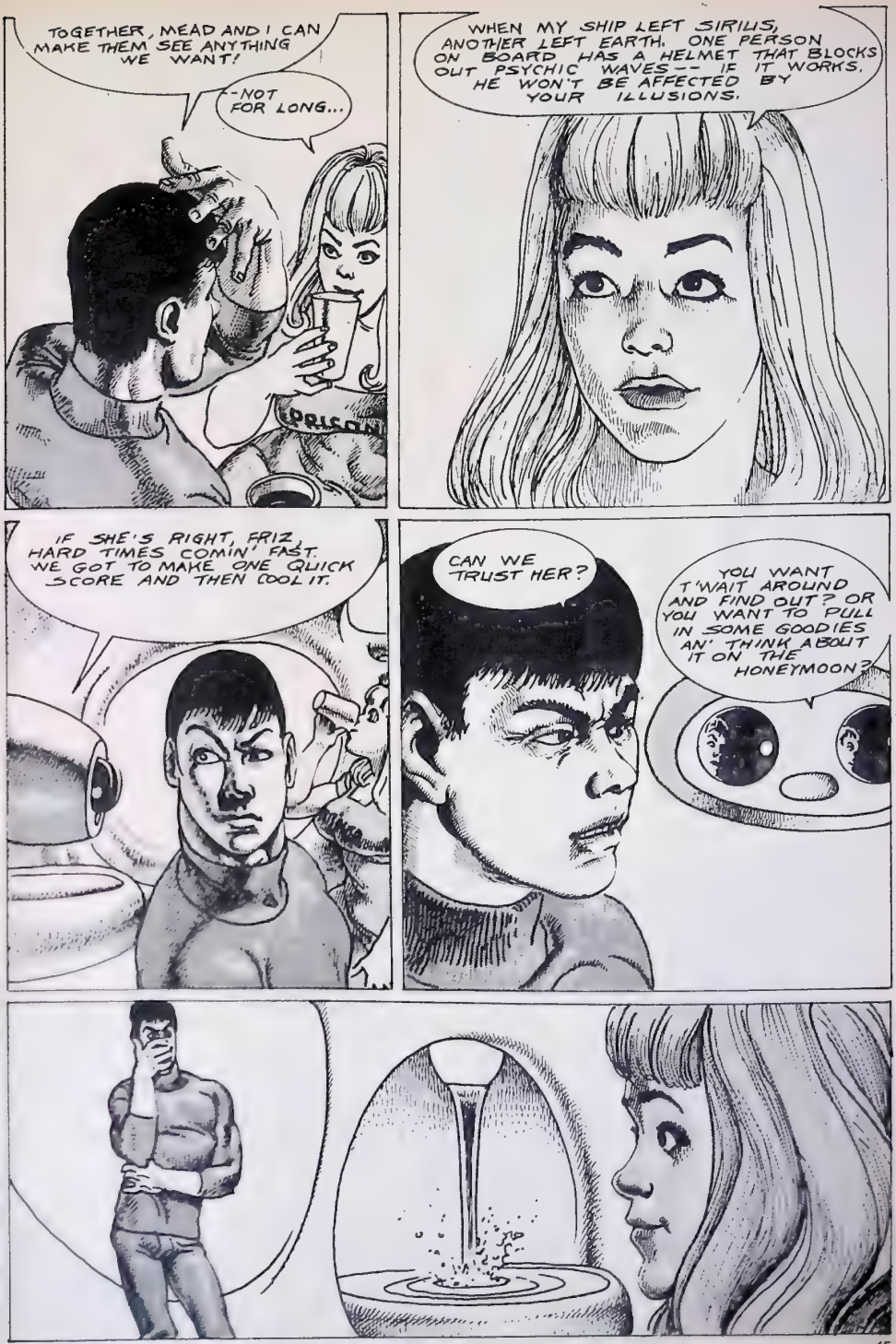
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK, BLOWBOLL!
NOW? WILL YOU C'MON?
BLUMP
THAT WAS LOW MEAD. YOU NEVER DID SUCH A LOW THING BEFORE.
SORRY, FRIZ, REALLY. BUT IT HAD TO BE DONE.
YOU UNDERSTAND DON'T YOU FRIZ?
FRIZ?
SUSH


WHAT SCREEN ARE YOU USING?
THEY THINK WE'RE AN ASTEROID. AN' LOOK AT 'EM -- BLASTING EVERY THING IN SIGHT!
THEN THEY CAN DETECT US -- JUST CAN'T PINPOINT US. THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING NEW.
WHAT YOU GONNA DO FRIZ?
WATCH!
STAY ALERT- THEY HAVE TO DROP THEIR SCREENS TO FIRE.
CAPTAIN!
BLAST 'EM!


WHAT?
JUST ROCK FRAGMENTS!
NEAT TRICK FRIZ.

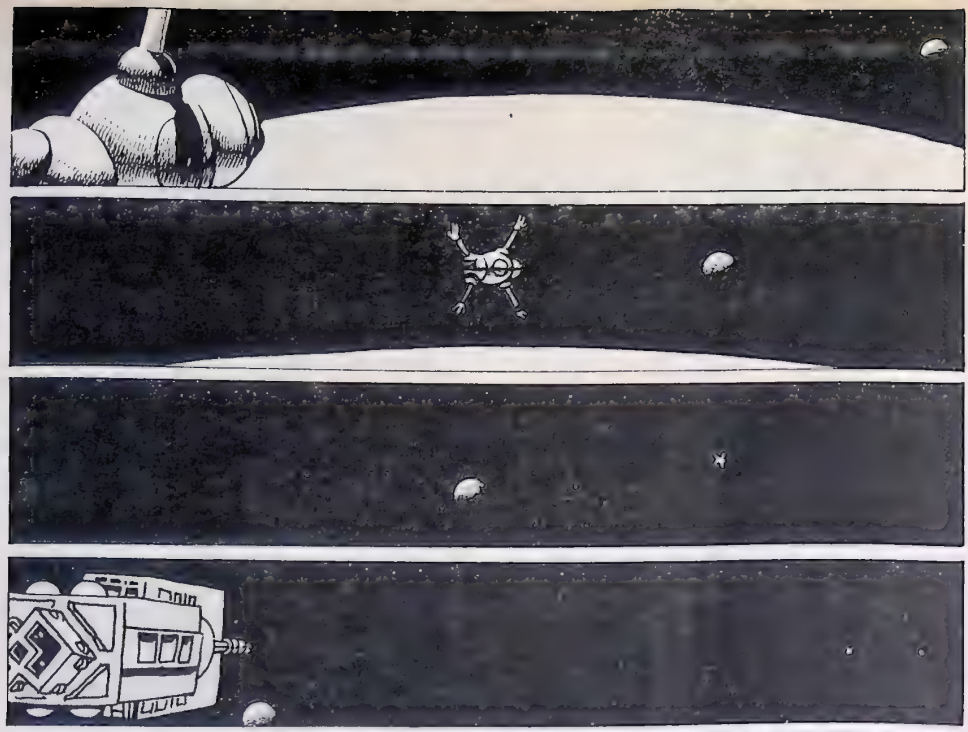
HEY, YOU AREN'T STILL SORE ABOUT THAT GIRL ARE YOU?
YOU WANT ME T'BRING HER BACK?
NO, I'M NOT SORE. SHE BORED ME ANYWAY.
I MADE HER JUST LIKE YOU SAID TO.
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT MEAD. NO GIRL I HAVE YOU CREATE FOR ME IS GOING TO BE QUITE RIGHT.
SHE CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING NEW, OR SURPRIZE ME, OR DO ANYTHING I DON'T WANT HER TO DO. SHE CAN'T EVEN DISOBEY ME UNLESS I WANT—
FRIZ! LOOK!
IS SHE... IS SHE REAL?
NONE OF MY DOING! I'LL PULL HER IN!

PRISONER
AAAH!
IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M FRIERSEN, AND THAT'S MEAD — OR PART OF HIM ANYWAY.
WHI-WHERE'S THE REST OF... HIM?
PRISONER
ALL AROUND! MEAD IS THE SHIP — CYBERNETIC, PSYCHIC IF I HELP HIM. I THINK UP THE ILLUSIONS AND MEAD PROJECTS THEM. THERE'S NO OTHER LIKE HIM IN THE GALAXY.


TOGETHER, MEAD AND I CAN MAKE THEM SEE ANYTHING WE WANT!
-NOT FOR LONG...
PRISON
WHEN MY SHIP LEFT SIRIUS, ANOTHER LEFT EARTH. ONE PERSON ON BOARD HAS A HELMET THAT BLOCKS OUT PSYCHIC WAVES -- IF IT WORKS, HE WON'T BE AFFECTED BY YOUR ILLUSIONS.
IF SHE'S RIGHT, FRIZ, HARD TIMES COMIN' FAST. WE GOT TO MAKE ONE QUICK SCORE AND THEN COOL IT.
CAN WE TRUST HER?
YOU WANT T'WAIT AROUND AND FIND OUT? OR YOU WANT TO PULL IN SOME GOODIES AN' THINK ABOUT IT ON THE HONEYMOON?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT SCARES ME ABOUT THAT MEAD SHIP...
WHAT IF IT STARTS PROCREATING OUT THERE? COULD HAVE A MILLION OF THEM DAMN THINGS ON OUR HANDS!
I TELL YOU, BLASTING THAT HELLSPAWNED THING OUGHT TO BE OUR NUMBER ONE MILITARY OBJECTIVE! WE OUGHTA TAKE A THOUSAND SHIPS UP THERE AND... WHAT?
BOOM
BOOM
RATATATATATATATATAT
BATTLE FISTS
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
FRIZ IS SMART ALLRIGHT! MADE EM SEE NORMAL SPACE AND BLANK SCREENS 'TIL WE WAS RIGHT OVER THEIR HEADS.
CLEAN THEM OUT MEAD! I'LL KEEP 'EM BUSY!

HHISSSSSSSSS
POW
BAM
RUMBLE
BAM
BAM
BAM
?
?
?


HOLD IT LAVA LIPS. TROUBLE SNEAKING UP FROM BEHIND.
HMMM... I'LL TRY A METEOR SHOWER!
SHOULD I CHANGE COURSE SIR?
NO, THERE'S NOTHING THERE. MEAD SHIP DEAD CENTER.
THEY'RE STILL COMING. TRY SOMETHING ELSE!
IT'S THE HELMET! ONE OF THEM IS TIPPING OFF THE OTHERS!

MISSLE! CHANGING COURSE SIR!
NO! IT'S ANOTHER ILLUSION! PREPARE TO FIRE!
VERY WELL SIR -- IF YOU SAY SO..
WHAT'S THE MATTER? MAN YOUR POST! GET READY TO FIRE!
YAAAAAAAAAA!
YAAAAAAAAAA!

(Continued on page 59)

LORD RATH WAS A SLAVE TRADER. HE SPECIALIZED IN UNIQUE ITEMS.
ALONG WITH HIS BODYGUARD GRID, HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE AUCTION SQUARE NEAR HIS RESIDENCE.
BONDLORD

STORY & ART BY GARY WINNICK ©1978
SPECIAL THANKS TO FRANK CIROCCO,
JOE CHIODO, & STEVE JOHNSON

RATH SURVEYED THE NEW CHAIN GIRLS SLOWLY, A SCRUFFY LOT AT BEST.
. . . POSTURING AND EXPERIENCED COURTESANS . . .
. . . BESTIAL BARBARIANS . . .
. . . AND SOMETHING MORE UNIQUE.
A WINGED WOMAN OF THE AVIAN RACE, THE GALAXY'S MERCHANT PRINCES. THEIR WOMAN WERE WINGED, AND EXTREMELY RARE.

RATH, A REGULAR AT THE MARKET, BIDS LOW. KNOWING FEW WILL OPPOSE ONE OF HIS REPUTATION.
SO HE IS SURPRISED WHEN A SECRETIVE CLOAKED FIGURE BIDS AGAINST HIM.
BUT RATH IS DETERMINED, THE BIDDING RISES UNTIL RATH WITH HIS GREATER CREDIT TAKES THE PRIZE.
THE HOODED FIGURE BROODS, THEN ABRUPTLY
"SOLD THEN TO LORD RATH."
WITH HIS
ACQUISITION, RATH AND GRID MAKE THEIR WAY BACK HOME.

THAT NIGHT, RATH'S MANOR HOUSE . . .
GRID HAS REMOVED HIS ARMOR . . .
. . . FOR A MORE PLEASANT PASTTIME.
AS FOR HIS LORD
HE HAS HIS OWN DIVERSION TONIGHT

"WHAT . . . WHO ARE YOU!"
"I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO MOVE MILORD."
"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGEOUS INTRUSION."
"COME NOW, IT'S THE GIRL WE WANT, DON'T SAY YOU DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS THE AVIAN PRINCESS, HEIR TO THE THRONE, SOLD INTO SLAVERY BY HER UNCLE THE REGENT. WE ARE HIS AGENTS, AND HE HAD DECIDED TO BE RID OF HER POTENTIAL THREAT TOTALLY."
"YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE BID SO HIGH WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF HER IDENTITY."

MEANWHILE . . .
GRID HEARS SOUNDS OF A DISTURBANCE, AND SCUFFLE COMING FROM HIS MASTER'S NEARBY CHAMBER.
AND REACHES FOR HIS NEARBY REPEATING SLUG PISTOL.
AS RATH'S BODYGUARD, HE KNOWS THE MANY MIRAD SECRET PASSAGES THAT HONEYCOMB THE ANCIENT ANCESTRAL MANOR.
TAKING IN THE SITUATION, HE ENTERS THRU A SWINGING PANEL, GUN BLAZING.
POK!
POK!
POK!
POK!
POK!
POK!
POK!
POKITTY!
POK!

"AW SHIT! I KILLED DUH MASTER TOO."

"YOU SAVED MY LIFE!"
"HUH?!"
"YOU'RE MY HERO!"
"WHA . . ."

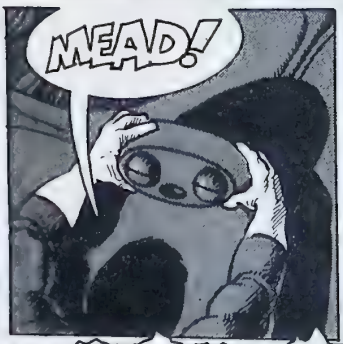
SUDDENLY TWO UNIFORMED MEN BURST INTO THE BLOOD SPATTERED CHAMBER.
"NOW WHAT?"
"DON'T MOVE! THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPON."

"YOUR HIGHNESS! WE ARE ECSTATIC TO FIND YOU. WE KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOUR UNCLE'S AGENTS LED US TO YOU."

"SOON YOU WILL BE RETURNED TO YOUR ROYAL HERITAGE, LET US KILL THIS DEFILER AND BE OFF!"
"STOP! DON'T HARM HIM."
"BECAUSE IF YOU DO YOU WILL BE SHOOTING YOUR NEXT KING."
GRID HAD JUST PROVED THAT IF HE WASN'T THE BRIGHTEST BODY-GUARD IN THE BUSINESS, HE WAS CERTAINLY THE LUCKIEST.
AS FOR THE PRINCESS HER TASTES HAD ALWAYS BEEN A BIT BIZARRE

END

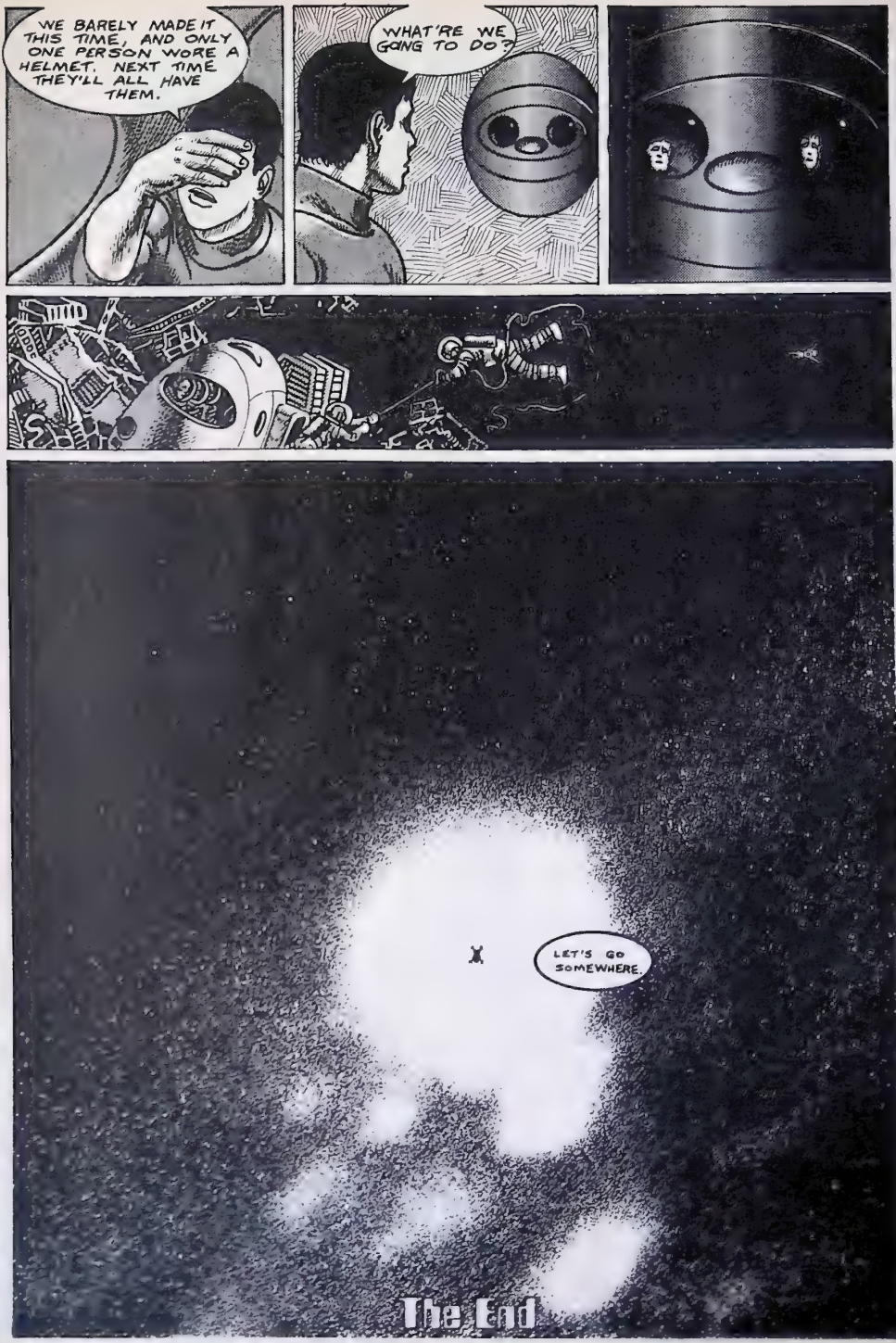
FRIZ -- I'M BLACKING OUT. CAN'T HELP... CAN'T KEEP UP THE ILLUSION. THE GIRL...


MEAD!

FRIERSEN, IT'S OKAY. THE OTHER SHIP'S HURT MORE THAN WE ARE! WE CAN STILL GET AWAY...

AAAIIEEH!

MEAD CAN'T KEEP UP THE ILLUSION THAT MADE ME HANDSOME, BUT I'M STILL THE SAME INSIDE! WE CAN STILL BE HAPPY TOGETHER, YOU AND ME.
SOON AS HE'S BETTER, MEAD'LL MAKE THE ILLUSION COME BACK! WE'LL GO OFF SOMEWHERE, JUST US THREE, AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME LIKE THIS AGAIN! I PROMISE!
CRASH
SHE'S GONE, FRIZ. JUST YOU AN' ME AGAIN.
BUT SHE WAS HERE, WASN'T SHE? AND SHE WAS REAL?
YES.


WE BARELY MADE IT THIS TIME, AND ONLY ONE PERSON WORE A HELMET. NEXT TIME THEY'LL ALL HAVE THEM.
WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO?
LET'S GO SOMEWHERE.
The End

HAVE A GASM!
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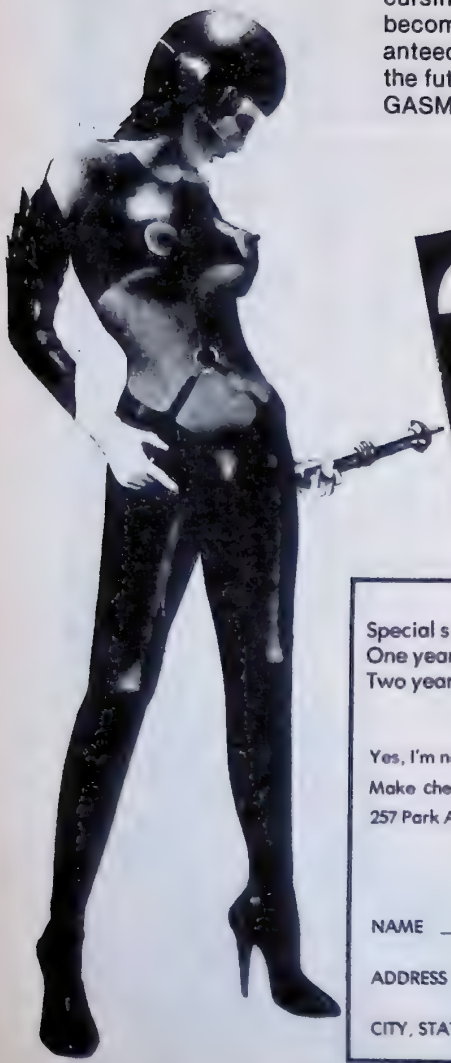

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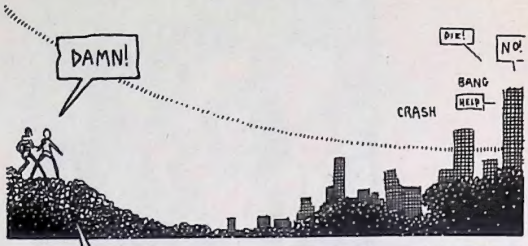
HEADS UP IN BUGTOWN

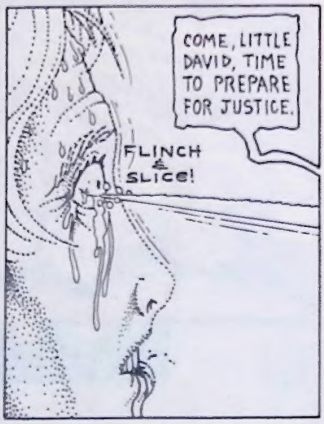
OOOO... THOSE POST BROTHERS!
OUT IN THE HILLWOODS FOR A PISS, SEAN FINDS AN ARTFULLY ARRANGED PILE OF VICTIMS.
WOT DAT, SEAN?
WE'D BETTER CALL DAVE. SOMEBODY'S CUT THE FACES OFF THE STRAIGHTS FROM THE OBSERVATORY...
NOW,... WHO'D DO A THING LIKE THAT...?
STORY & ART: MATT HOWARTH with MARK KERNES
1

THANX, SEAN. (stupid shit!) IF THEY'VE FOUND MY WORK, WHAT ABOUT THE SAMURAI NAZI?

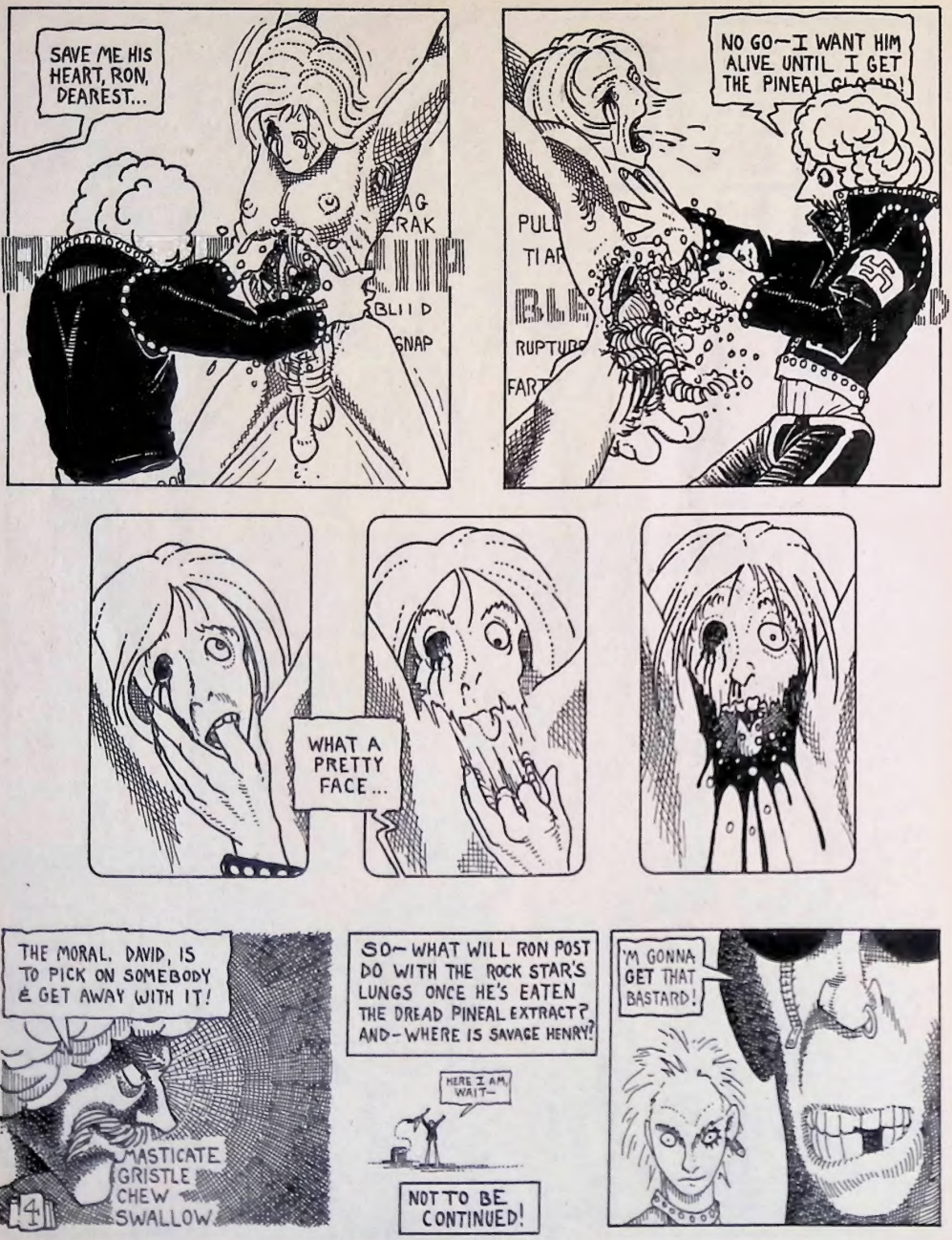

DAMN!
DIE!
NO!
BANG
HELP
CRASH

"SOMEBODY'S" ATTACKING THE SOCIALITES GUARDIN' DAVE BACK AT DOG-TOWER!!!

CAROLINE'S DOIN' A NICE CLEAN-UP FOR YOU, RON. ARE YOU READY YET?
DON'T WORRY. THE SUIT IS PURELY FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL REASONS, ANYWAY...
2


COME, LITTLE DAVID, TIME TO PREPARE FOR JUSTICE.
FLINCH & SLICE!

WHEREUPON DAVID IS NAILED TO HIS RECREATION WALL & MASTURBATED TO EXHAUSTION BY HELLCAT CAROLINE. THE OTHERS ARE OUT IN BUGTOWN LOOTING.
HIGH & DRY, RON... JUST READY FOR YER KIND OF FUN.
YOU & ANYBODY WHO LOOKS LIKE YOU! YOU'VE PULLED YER LAST CAPER IN MY TERRITORY, CLOWN!
I'M GONNA RIP YER LUNGS OUT!
3


SAVE ME HIS HEART, RON, DEAREST...
AG
RAK
BLII D
SNAP
NO GO—I WANT HIM ALIVE UNTIL I GET THE PINEAL GLAND!
WHAT A PRETTY FACE...
THE MORAL, DAVID, IS TO PICK ON SOMEBODY & GET AWAY WITH IT!
MASTICATE
GRISTLE
CHEW
SWALLOW
4
SO— WHAT WILL RON POST DO WITH THE ROCK STAR'S LUNGS ONCE HE'S EATEN THE DREAD PINEAL EXTRACT? AND— WHERE IS SAVAGE HENRY?
HERE I AM, WAIT—
NOT TO BE CONTINUED!
I'M GONNA GET THAT BASTARD!

POSTER RIOT

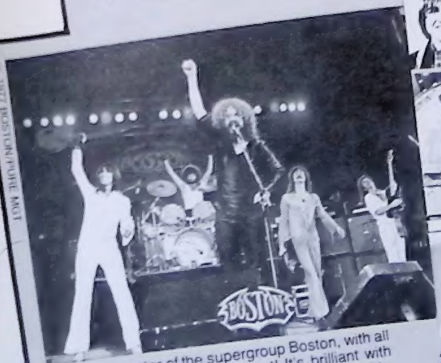
THEY'RE ALL GIGANTIC AND IN FULL, LIVING COLOR!

Here are the latest and greatest posters hot from the new rock scene! These posters are 23 x 35" . . .nearly 9 times as large as this page! And they're discounted at just $2.50 each. Read on for more information . . .

Perhaps our most intimate giant-size personality portrait. Linda's pose, highlighted by a halo of shimmering yellow, expresses her angelic/seductive nature, as she seems to speak to you with her deep brown eyes. She sports a translucent lavender shirt and silver jewelry, all of which form a portrait of radiant softness and beauty. Colors include pastel blue, lemon-yellow, gold, black, peach, red, etc. Take Linda home with you.

The mellow mood of Fleetwood Mac simply flows from this beautiful poster. Their stylish patterned outfits brings life to the scene, with deep blues, bright red, purple, yellow, reddish brown, black, etc.

A fiery new KISS poster that will electrify your room with blazing colors . . .red, white, lemon-green, pastel purple, pink and black. So life-like the guys seem to almost jump out of the poster to meet you!



An action-poster of the supergroup Boston, with all the excitement of a live concert! It's brilliant with rich reds, bright green, vivid yellows, browns, golds, blue, peach, etc.

A real collector's item! The Bay City Rollers as they will never be seen again . . .but now you can preserve the moment forever. Like all these giant posters, the Rollers are in full color, with red, blue, beige, black, yellow, etc.

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